

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Darren C. Demaree: Four Poems

Darren C. Demaree · Wednesday, January 27th, 2016

Darren C. Demaree is the author of “As We Refer to Our Bodies” (8th House, 2013), “Temporary Champions” (Main Street Rag, 2014), “The Pony Governor” (2015, After the Pause Press) and “Not For Art Nor Prayer” (8th House, 2015). He is the Managing Editor of the Best of the Net Anthology. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Emily As A Mango Hitting the Ground

If this were an orchard  
 how lovely it would be  
 if Emily fell from a tree  
 as the mangos fall, roll  
 to the will of the root's  
 gradient. In Ohio, though  
 we don't grow any mango  
 & such a fall bruises deeply  
 what we had first hoped  
 would be light pat  
 from the dirt. Origin  
 of my fruit, I am sorry,  
 I did my best to imagine  
 a way for you to be unscathed  
 or cradled in good context.  
 I failed to simply catch you.  
 (originally appeared in *Your Impossible Voice*)  
 \*\*\*

### Emily As The Sun Is So Bright The Field Has No Context For The Cold

There is a distance from us  
 to the cut bank, but the warmth,  
 or absence of the warmth  
 never varies, never layers jealousy  
 between the land, the man,

the woman he loves who stares  
 at the sun without regard for her  
 eyesight, what that narrowing  
 black can mean. We are dressed  
 for a warmer world. We believed  
 that bright sun meant something.  
 Legs over the erosion of the field,  
 we have sat here all morning  
 hoping more land would develop  
 so we could lay down in the light,  
 but that is not what happens here.  
 No matter what the scene might  
 look like from Route 36, we are  
 not moving because we are waiting,  
 not because we are frozen, or afraid  
 we will fall into the shallow water  
 beneath us, we are waiting for eyes  
 that can decipher all of the things  
 the steam pouring out of our mouths  
 might mean. Good money down,  
 we have nothing to say about Ohio,  
 as we knew this might happen,  
 that the small strips of land  
 might one day mean something more  
 to us because of the distance  
 between each other, our warm bodies.  
 (originally appeared in *Prick of the Spindle*)

\*\*\*

## Adoration #30

*for Anna, my neighbor*

The first time you mentioned your breasts  
 to me it was to tell me they  
 were gone now, that there were other  
 parts missing as well, taken from  
 your body, from waking flesh  
 that had woken up poorly, sick.  
 When I tried consolation, you  
 made a joke. You looked stronger then.  
 Actual strength is astounding.  
 (originally appeared in Northwind)

\*\*\*

## Emily As Luminance Deflected

The first letter that magnificence wrote  
 was in deference  
 to the lord. The second letter

that magnificence wrote was about a tide  
of angels overwhelming the shores,  
confronting the sun. The third letter  
was a confession  
that magnificence believed only in the heat  
of other magnificence  
& the army of heavens, General  
& Co., seemed to only carry individuals  
on the sand, one at a time, driving  
them mad with the thought that they  
might not be alone. The fourth letter  
magnificence wrote was more of a song,  
that buried the burden of proof  
inside of her glorious, malleable intention  
to be weak beauty, but beauty all the same.  
(originally appeared in Colorado Review)

This entry was posted on Wednesday, January 27th, 2016 at 1:08 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#).  
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a  
response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.